FINAL GIRL

BOOK OF DESPERATE DEATHS

CORE ACTIONS

FOCUS

You attempt to focus on your situation and manage the growing sense of horror that is threatening to overtake you. You've got this. You can save everyone. You can beat it. But those words ring hollow in your head. It's hopeless and you know it. You sit down and close your eyes, exhausted from fighting the tide of dread that is about to consume you. You don't even hear the sound behind you or see dark form blot out the light. It'll all be over soon, you think to yourself. And in a moment, it is.

SHORT REST

You have been running on pure adrenaline. Now that there seems to be a short break in the action, you catch your breath. You hadn't noticed the pain emanating from all over your body, but it's reminding you now of the beating you've endured, especially your head. You barely remember getting hit there but the nasty bump reminds you where it was. You suddenly feel nauseous and retch what little you had left in your stomach. There was blood mixed in there which probably isn't good, but you can't worry about that right now. Your eyelids feel so heavy that you can't help but close them. "Just a short rest," you tell yourself. Your thoughts wander off to happier times, temporarily letting you forget the pain you're feeling. You jolt yourself awake, looking around you quickly to make sure no one's around. You've lost track of time but feel you can stick around just a few more minutes. Your eyelids are still so heavy but you know you can't afford to sleep right now. "Just a short rest," you remind yourself. You keep repeating that over and over in your head to help keep you awake. But eventually you pass out, never to wake up.

WALK

You've been running so much that you can barely breathe. You slow down to a walk and try to catch your breath. Your body is telling you to stop but you know that you need to keep moving. Although at this point, you're not sure where you are, or where you're going but you keep moving regardless. "Moving will keep you alive," you tell yourself. You round a bend to realize that you just moved in the wrong direction, right into your killer's clutches. You might have been better to just have stopped... moving got you killed.

WEAK ATTACK

You muster up the courage to attack that monster. It's been hunting you and your friends, and you know it's up to you to stop it. You wind up to hit it hard but your foot slips as you swing your arm, and you fall down right in front of it. Rolling onto your back you look up in horror as it deals you a finishing blow.

GUARD

You're cornered and need to defend yourself. You tell yourself that you could do this. You just need to focus to see where the attack is coming from and react quickly to guard against it. You've seen it done in the movies and convince yourself that you can do it too... wax on, wax off, paint the fence up, paint the fence down. You see a subtle movement that tells you an overhead strike is coming. You react quickly and tell yourself to "paint the fence up" as you move your hand upward for the block. But it was just a feint and real attack slices you deep across the abdomen, your intestines spilling onto the ground. It looked so much easier in the movies.

CORE ACTIONS

SEARCH

"There has to be something useful here," you say to yourself as you look for anything that you can use as a weapon. But everything you find is either too small, or too soft, or too fragile. Nothing that would even remotely give you a fighting chance against that thing. Out of the corner of your eye you see the glint of steel. Finally, that looks like something I can use. As you go to reach for it, a heavy foot steps on your hand. You don't even have a chance to look up before your head rolls on the ground.

SPRINT

This is the longest you've gone at a full sprint. Your lungs are on fire, but you push through the pain, not daring to slow down. You sneak a quick look behind you but that was your undoing. As you rotate your neck and shoulders to look behind, you roll your ankle on the uneven surface and fall awkwardly on your side, skidding until you finally stop. You pick yourself back up but howl in pain as soon as you put weight on your ankle. You roll onto your back and see it bent at an awkward angle. You try to keep moving on your hands and knees, whimpering as you go. At this speed you don't get far before you finally meet your end.

DISTRACTION

Think! Think! Think! You need to come up with a distraction. Something that'll help give you an edge. You look around, hoping an idea will pop into your head. You decide to start a fire... it'll attract attention, drawing that murderer out in this direction while you run in the opposite direction. You gather anything that can burn and make a pile. Then you try to light it, blowing gently to start a flame. There's lots of smoke at first but not much flame. You keep at it, blowing and fanning the flame to get it to grow, and eventually it does. You step back admiring the fire you started. Apparently, you weren't the only one admiring it. You feel a strong grip on the back of your head as your face gets pushed into the fire. As your life slips away, you realize that you got distracted by your own distraction.

IMPROVISE

You need to think quickly on your feet and do the unexpected. Up until now you've been running away from it, while trying to save others. You imagine just walking right up to it and punching it square in the jaw. That would shock the shit out of it... it wouldn't see that coming. You chuckle to yourself as you imagine the look on its face. As you're having this little daydream, you hear a sound from behind and turn in time to see it approaching you. You do the first thing that comes to your mind and punch it in the jaw. It just stares at you, looking nothing at all like what you had just recently imagined. Your punch just resulted in you suffering a slower and more painful death. So much for improvising.

FURIOUS STRIKE

Anger is swelling inside of you. You want revenge on this thing, and you're prepared to do whatever it takes to finish it off. You scream as you lunge towards it, ready to kill it. Instead of killing it, you barely scratch it and it picks you up by the head with impressive strength and squeezes you, crushing your skull in its bare hands.

CORE ACTIONS

PLANNING

You come up with a plan of making a life-sized stuffed dummy that you could use as a decoy. You'll put the dummy in the corner with dim lighting hoping that monster would go towards it thinking it was a person. Then you could attack it from behind before it notices that you're there. You frantically stuff the clothes you found to give it some shape and then position it in the corner, to make it look like it's trying to hide. When you're satisfied with how it looks you turn to head to your hiding spot but instead come face to face with monster. It looks like it was actually you who was the dummy.

RETALIATE

You absorb the blow and swing hard to do some damage to that thing. You hit it but as you follow through, you're caught out of position to defend yourself and take a fatal blow to the head. Your retaliation was retaliated.

LONG REST

This looks like a good place to stop, it seems safe. You lift up your shirt to see where all the blood is coming from. There's a deep gash just below your left breast. You feel it with your fingers and realize it's quite deep. You probably have a collapsed lung which explains why you're having so much trouble breathing... they're so shallow and rapid. You need to stop the bleeding, or you'll die. You apply pressure but start feeling lightheaded. You cough and taste blood in your throat. You realize that you're bleeding inside as well. You don't know how much blood you've lost but you feel cold. You check your pulse... your heart rate is rapid and your pulse feels weak. You're in no condition to get up so you just lie there, hoping you don't bleed to death. As you lie there you see that thing approaching you. You later wish that you had bled to death before it arrived... that would have been by far a less painful death.

CRITICAL BLOW

You've got this. It's hurt and you work up the courage to deal a final blow. You've endured a lot today at the hands of this monster and it feels great knowing that you're finally going to put an end to it. You stretch back your arm, getting ready to finish it. But as you start your wild swing, you lose your footing and your momentum rotates you forward. You land awkwardly on your head and feel a sickening crunch in your neck. You lie there, feeling nothing below your neck. "This is so embarrassingly pathetic!" you think to yourself as you see the monster getting up, laughter in its eyes as it prepares to put you out of your misery.

SIGNATURE ACTIONS

PROTECT

You see the fear in their eyes. It feels like their lives are your responsibility and that without you they will surely perish. "Don't worry," you try to reassure them. "Just stay behind me and you'll be ok," you lie. You ready yourself and face the attacker, who appears to admire your courage... or maybe stupidity is a better word. Either way your end would be swift as would be the end of the people you were hoping to protect.

THROW

You see your target not too far in the distance. You like your changes of hitting it. You reach back and launch your weapon with all your might. Your weapon falls just short of the target. It takes 2 steps, picks it up and launches it right back at you. You follow it through the air and realize it's coming right towards you. "Shit!" you think just as it hits you square in the forehead, cracking through your skull, and knocking you flat on the back. "Fucken bullseye!"

DISCIPLINE

You remind yourself to stay calm, controlled, and disciplined. A disciplined mind will help you make better decisions and keep you alive. You stay focused on your goals: 1) to survive, and 2) to kill that mother fucker. It's really this simple... kill that monster before it kills you. Everything else is a distraction. As much as this makes perfect sense, you think about all the others. They need you and will surely die without you there to save them. You won't be able to live with yourself if you survived at all these other people's expense. Sigh! You have to save them to, even if saving them will put your life in peril. This burden weighs heavy on your shoulders as you struggle with this conundrum. You won't be pondering over this for long though, as the killer sneaks up on you and takes the weight of your head off your shoulders.

DODGE

You're ready for its next attack. It comes at you and you nimbly pirouette out of the way. As you spin out of your pirouette you realize that it is faster than you and it catches you by the hair and pulls you in so close that you can see your own reflection in its shiny eyes. It would be the last thing you see.

INTIMIDATE

You smear blood across your cheek and forehead, a crazed look in your eyes. That thing's going to soon realize that it messed with the wrong bitch. You walk out and you lock eyes with that thing, about 20 paces away. You stare each other down, each refusing to flinch. It lets out a monstrous roar, and refusing to be outdone, you let out a primitive scream of your own. You charge at each other and when you're close enough, you leap into a flying kick. It was impressive, but relatively ineffective. You're now standing toe to toe, and you realize that it's far more intimidating than you are. You turn to run, but it's too late. Blood would soon be smeared all over your body.

SIGNATURE ACTIONS

MEDITATE

"Brilliant things happen in calm minds. Be calm. You're brilliant." This is the quote that's inspiring you to try to meditate amidst all the chaos going on around you. If you stay calm, you'll figure a way out of this. You go through your meditation routine and focus on your breathing, following the sensation of your breath as you breathe in, and breathe out. Everything else is fading into the background. The only thing on your mind is how it feels to fill your lungs with air, and then slowly release it. You're so deep in your meditation that you don't even know that you're no longer alone, and that your life is shortly going to end. At least you've enjoyed these few moments of calmness. Next time you might want to remember one of those "Life is short..." quotes.

PARKOUR

You summersault through the air and jump off of any surface within reach. You imagine how impressive you must look to those who stop and stare in disbelief. But one thing you've been told is that this takes lots of practice and knowing the surroundings is critical. This advice might have saved your life as you land short, and to the left of your mark and impale yourself right through your chest, stuck there. You hang there and finally come face to face with that monster. Instead of killing you, it walks away, leaving you to bleed out and die alone.

SCAVENGE

You rummage through a bunch of junk looking for something useful, but there's nothing here that can even remotely help you. You give up on this pile and start looking in another spot. You're so busy looking that you don't notice that you're being approached from behind, and then you notice the shadow looming over you. You're not even given enough time to turn and face your killer.

AMBUSH

You hide there waiting for that murderer to show up. You're in the perfect spot to catch it off guard and exact some revenge. You try to be patient but you're pumping with adrenaline and are quite fidgety. This waiting is killing you. You want to see where it is but you're worried it might arrive when you're not ready. You convince yourself to stay put. You continue to wait, hearing nothing. For all you know that thing has already left and you're just wasting your time hiding here. That would be ridiculous. You need to see what's going on... just a quick look. As you leave your perfect ambush spot, that monster jumps out and slices you across the neck, cutting through your jugular. Looks like it had also planned an ambush, and it executed it to perfection.

FEATURE FILM ACTIONS

ATONEMENT

These gods are clearly angry with you. It doesn't matter that you don't know why, you feel that you need to atone for whatever it is that you did. You have to appease them somehow, but you don't know these gods and what it is that they want from you. You bow down and put your head low to the ground, begging for forgiveness. After a few minutes, you sense movement around you and look up to realize that these are clearly not gods that forgive easily. It seems that what would appease them is to see your blood spilled and your body massacred. And their messenger was standing right in front of you to do just that.

CALM

They come running at you with a crazed look in their eyes, but you don't want to hurt them. You know they're acting this way because they're scared and likely overdue for their meds. You remember reading somewhere that music could be soothing so you start humming a tune. It seems to be working. You notice the softening of their facial expression and a more relaxed posture. You suddenly feel a sharp pain in your side and look down to see a long shard of glass jutting out, just above your hip. I guess they didn't like that particular tune. You see the crazed look return as you're pummeled and kicked until you black out. Death follows quickly.

CONVINCE

You frantically knock on the door begging to be let inside. A voice from behind the door yells out at you to get the fuck off his porch. You plead with him, explaining that you just want to borrow a few knives and that you'll soon be out of his hair. He still refuses. You're growing furiously frustrated with this prick. With renewed fervour you bang even harder and start shaking the door handle, yelling at him to let you in. The door suddenly explodes against your chest as you're thrown back off the porch and onto the yard. You look up to see light streaming through several holes in the door. Through the larger hole you can make out the barrel of a shotgun on the other side. The last thing you remember thinking is how you hope that asshole dies next.

FLY FASTER!

The pilot radios that he's just minutes away. "Thank God!! There might be some hope after all." It won't take long for the pilot to arrive so you quicken your pace, looking for others to bring to the helipad. As you make your way outside, you hear a loud bang and see thick, billowing smoke emanating from the back of the helicopter. The helicopter starts spinning out of control and dropping altitude quickly. As you stare at it in shock, you realize that it's falling right towards you. It takes all your will to get your body to turn and run, but it's too late. The rotor blades slice through you just before you're engulfed in a fire ball. At least it was a quick death.

SCAN

You watch the blips on the screen get closer... 10 meters. You quickly look in that direction but see nothing yet. 9 meters... 8 meters. "Shit!" you think to yourself and get ready to defend yourself. 7 meters... 6 meters... 5 meters. "What the hell!! It should be in the room by now." You double-check that you're reading it right. The blips keep getting closer. 4 meters... 3 meters. It suddenly dawns on you that the Evomorph might be just above you, not directly in front of you. 2 meters... 1 meter. You look up just in time to see its jaws clamp down